

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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PERSONAL BEAUTY PRODUCED BY MORAL SENTIMENT.

IN the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain or malevolence, will be reflected as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole: he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible

in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost beauty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence: it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation: the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

Beauty depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended; thus, an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the sober passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act; the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and a cast to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor: it is, to use an eastern metaphor, like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence. If it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it: it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation.

Let it then be remembered, that none can be disciples of the graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

MY eyes first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a General in the French service; and, my mother the only offspring of her noble, but indigent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness centered in each other, they were above the envy, or the malice of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

I was the only fruit of their unfulfilled attachment. My amiable mother only survived a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness.

My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbé de Versac, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents; he instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirements of a scholar and a gentleman. The labours of his anxious hours were repaid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluse, consecrated by the inspiration of the Muses, had often echoed with my matin song, and the celestial form of the immortal Laura, frequently blessed in visionary dreams the slumbers of the evening!

I felt rapt, inspired as I traversed the deep valley, or mused beneath the laureled bower, dedicated to love and virtue! I wandered on the margin of the shallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch, their murmurs soothed my pensive heart; and, as I dropped a tear upon their bubbling surface, I felt the conscious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his sorrows! Often did I cast my listless form upon the sod, made sacred by the footsteps of the wandering lovers. These were my happy moments—transient indeed they were, for they now almost appear to have been the phantoms of a bewildered fancy. The subduing hand of misery has nearly erased the very shadows of my early hours; the bright delusion of youth's glowing day are sunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious sun sets in the border of the dark and troubled ocean!

Filled with romantic inspiration, my mind was softened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tenderest impression.

In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the shades of an embowering wood, devotion had long performed her sacred orisons at the monastery of Saint Terefe; the lofty walls were inaccessible, except on the fifteenth of June, when at the celebration of the Fete de Dieu, the grates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the solemn ceremony of the High Mass.

Curiosity, more than zeal, led me to be a spectator: the holy sisters, arranged in the chapel of the convent, sung their choral anthems, replete with seraphic harmony; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling sounds, while the fumes of heavenly incense curled around a thousand quivering tapers. Among the vestals, my every sense was fascinated by one, whose beauty far surpassed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman! A sweet melancholy gave inexpressible softness to features exquisitely regular, and the meek blush of unaffected modesty, heightened a complexion beauteous and glowing as the morning. Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared she was secluded, in the deep and cheerless gloom of monastic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaste, than even piety itself could have suggested. Her eye encountered mine—I fancied a thousand childish things;—my earnest attention seemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand, she rose, and left the chapel.

I returned to Avignon. The image of this peerless angel never forsook me; I beheld her in my midnight slumbers, her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of dire despair. Often did I wander, when the sun sunk beneath the horizon, to catch its last beam that illumined the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I listen whole hours beneath the hated walls that enclosed the treasure of my soul, to catch the distant and imperfect sound of the holy evening song. I fancied I could distinguish her voice from every other, and my heart panted sadly responsive to every swelling note.

I remained several months in this state of perfect wretchedness, when an accident opened to my distracted mind a gleam of transitory comfort. The Abbé de Versac, having embraced the most rigid state of bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confessor to the nuns of Saint Terefe. A sudden indisposition preventing his usual attendance, I availed myself of the opportunity that presented itself, and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the Abbess of the convent a specious recommendation of myself, deputing me as worthy of the sacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghostly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly Louisa to the footstool of contrition!

The purity of her life scarcely left her a single error to acknowledge; my penance was gentle as her soul was spotless: I requested her to peruse a lesson I had written, and to abide by the injunctions it contained; she thanked me; then, with the voice of meekness and humility, implored my benediction and departed.

My safety required that I should instantly withdraw from the sacred walls, lest the imposition should be detected, and at once destroy my reputation and my hopes. The transaction was soon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced against the perpetrator of so vile a fraud. The Abbess offered an immense reward for apprehending the sacrilegious hypocrite, and

every tongue united to condemn me. My letter acquainted her of my name, quality, and fortune; which by my father's death was not inconsiderable: I implored her compassion for my sufferings, and earnestly requested a decisive answer. I told her in the language of despair, that nothing should induce me to survive her resentment, and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her, that I should watch for ten successive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the fiat of my irrevocable destiny.

At the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint; they pierced my very heart--attuning every chord to sympathetic pity.

Elvira hinted a wish that he would endeavour to recollect them; he complied with her desire, and thus began:

Within the drear and silent gloom,
The lost Louisa pines, unknown;
Fate shrouds her in a living tomb,
And Heav'n relentless hears her groan:
Yet 'midst the murky shades of woe,
The tear of fond regret shall flow.

Yon lofty wall, that mocks my grief,
Still echoes with my evening prayer;
The gale that fans the trembling leaf
Shall waft it through the realms of air,
Till prostrate at the throne of Heaven,
Unpitied Love shall be forgiv'n;

Or, if to endless sorrow born—
If doom'd to fade a victim here:
Still pining, friendless, and forlorn,
Ah! let Religion drop one tear:
Like holy incense shall it prove,
To heal the wounds of hopeless love.

Ye black'ning clouds that sail along,
Oh, hide me in your shade profound;
Ye whispering breezes catch my song,
And bear it to the woods around;
Perchance some hapless Petrarch's feet
May wander near this dread retreat.

Ah! tell him Love's delicious strain
No rapture yields, no joy inspires,
Where fell seduction's icy chain
Has long subdued its quivering fires;
No ray of comfort gilds the gloom,
That marks the hopeless victim's tomb.

The ruby gem within my breast,
Now faintly glows with vital heat;
Each warring passion sinks to rest:
My freezing pulses slowly beat,
Soon shall these languid eye-balls close,
And Death's stern mandate seal my woes.

Then when the virgin's matin song
Shall 'midst the vaulted roof resound,
Happy the tuneful seraph throng
Shall whisper gentle pity round;
While Virtue, fighting o'er my bier,
Shall drop unseen--A SAINTED TEAR!

From that moment I determined to release the beautiful Louisa, or perish beneath the flinty confines of her prison; the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishments that would be inflicted on the perpetrators of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CONTRAST between the AFRICAN and CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

IN the most flourishing period of the reign of Lewis XIV. two negro youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the Court of France, the king appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the Christian religion, and gave to each of them a commission in his guards. The eldest who was remarkable for his candour and ingenuity, made great improvements, more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal officer, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person who was his friend, took an opportunity to talk with him that evening alone upon his behaviour, which he told him was too tame, especially in a soldier. Is there said the young African, one revelation for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownsmen? The good father to whom I owe all my knowledge, has earnestly inculcated forgiveness of injuries to me; assuring me that a Christian was by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind.

The good father, replied his friend, may fit you for a monastery by his lessons, but never for an army and the rules of a court. In a word, continued he, if you do not call the colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice, and have your commission taken from you. I would fain, answered the young man, act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shewn, I will wipe off so foul a stain, though I must own I gloried in it before.

Immediately upon this, he desired his friend to go from him, and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly they met, and fought; and the brave youth disarmed his adversary, and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission, and desired the king's leave to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend with tears in his eyes, saying, "He did not imagine that the Christians were such unaccountable people; and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence the practitioner. In my country we think it no dishonour to act according to the principles of our religion."

MAXIM.

A CONSTANT attention to the management of the temper, produces gentleness and humility, and is practised on all occasions, as it is not done "to be seen of men." This meek spirit arises from good sense and resolution; and should not be confounded with indolence and timidity, weaknesses of mind, which often pass for good nature.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 334.)

"HAS not Amelia approved of it? I have no other will but her's!"

"The plan was now carried into execution. My brother could scarcely await the following day, so ardent was his desire to know the effects of Lucy's artifice. He came to her house before the appointed hour, and his kind friend met him with the following account. 'Amelia's mother was easily persuaded of my conquest than I expected. At first she fancied, indeed, that I was jesting, but when I persisted firmly in my assertion, and rendered our romance as probable as possible, she began to give credit to what I had said—thus mortals are ever ready to believe what they wish. I am however sorry that sincerity obliges me to damp the pleasure which this information must afford you, by the indifferent account I can give you of Amelia's health. She has had a relapse of her fever, and although the physician affirms that it will have no dangerous consequences, yet it will retard for some time the execution of our design.'

"My brother was inconsolable. Lucy did every thing in her power to cheer him up, but succeeded only in part. The following morning she surprised him with an intelligence which produced a better effect. 'You shall see Amelia to-morrow!' she said, 'the means by which this is to be done, will, indeed, appear to you rather extraordinary; however, it suits our plan admirably. The mother begins to entertain some doubts with regard to the account I have given her yesterday of the sudden change of your inclination. I must endeavour to refute them through facts, and with that view have told her, that to-morrow, after mass, she would see us walking arm in arm by her window. She promised to be at the window at the appointed hour, and on that occasion you will see Amelia too.'

"The latter circumstance dispelled every apprehension which was lurking in the heart of my brother, and he awaited the following morn with impatience. He met Lucy at church, in order to take a walk with her as it had been agreed. Within a small distance from Amelia's house, Lucy said, 'You will find your charmer a little pale, because the fever has weakened her very much, but for God's sake! don't forget what part you are acting, bridle your looks and assume a cheerful countenance.' They arrived at the house, and Amelia was standing at the window. My brother fancied he saw her ghost, and was rivetted to the ground with astonishment. Her cheeks were pale, her whole frame was emaciated; she stared at him with hollow eyes and disappeared suddenly. 'Are you a man?' Lucy whispered in his ear, and dragged him onward. My brother followed mechanically, without

"taking notice of Amelia's mother, and looking constantly at the window where he had seen the idol of his heart. They had passed the house a considerable time before the reproaches of Lucy roused my brother from his reverie. He wanted to go back, and only the most lively remonstrances were able to dissuade him from doing it.

"'You have pulled down at once,' Lucy said, when she saw him the succeeding day, 'a structure, the building of which has cost Amelia and my mother so much trouble, and which was constructed with so much skill and pains; are these the thanks which you return for our endeavours to render you happy?' Shame sealed my brother's lips. 'Or do you perhaps think to execute your plan without assistance! if so, I am sorry you did not apprise us sooner of it.' My brother begged her pardon; however her anger was not so easy to be pacified. 'No!' she said, 'your conduct of yesterday cannot be excused. I cautioned you repeatedly, and consequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it singular that the sick Amelia does not look so rosy and round as the healthy?' This circumstance, so natural and expected, how could it throw you so entirely off your guard?' Thus she continued scolding for some time, till the most submissive supplication of my brother pacified her anger. She vowed, however, solemnly, never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promise her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother seeing no possibility of executing his plan without her assistance, found himself necessitated to comply with her request.

"Lucy told him the day following, that she had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every shadow of suspicion by one decisive blow. 'With this view,' she added, 'I told the mother that you visited me every evening, and if she would take the pains to overhear us in a bye room, she could convince herself of your sentiments towards me. She relished this proposal so well, that she fixed to-morrow evening for the execution of her design, consequently it will be in your option, to render to her your love for me as plausible as our plan requires.'

"My brother repaired to Lucy's apartment at the appointed hour. He was shown into a spacious room, faintly lighted by the gleam of a single candle, and communicating in the back part with a closet, the door of which was bolted.—Lucy met him at the entrance, and apprised him by signs that Amelia's mother was in the closet. He began instantly a conversation which soon led to the appointed mark. His confident assisted him as far as female delicacy would allow, and the conversation became very soon animated and tender. 'O! Lucy,' he exclaimed at length, with the warmth of an inspired lover, 'you have kindled a flame in my bosom which devours me. Do not longer keep in painful suspense a heart that adores you, a heart whole every wish concentrates in the possession of your hand, and whose violent turbulence can brook no longer the delay of a happiness which will

"imparadise its owner. Allow me to apply to-morrow for your mother's consent to our union." "Enthusiast!" Lucy replied, "and if I should allow it, and if you should take possession of this hand, (here my brother imprinted numberless kisses upon her hand) how long will your trance last? who will insure me your faith which you have pledged already to Amelia?" "Dont talk thus, dearest Lucy!" he exclaimed, "you pierce my heart! I confess that Amelia, whom you mentioned, was one time not indifferent to me, her charms had blinded my eyes, but never fettered my heart. I have never loved her. You, Lucy, have first rendered me sensible of the omnipotent power of love. And, besides, what will Amelia care for a fidelity which is of no use to her and myself? Can I contend against fate, which renders our union impossible?"

"Merciful God!" a person exclaimed in the closet, and at the same time a violent fall was heard. My brother grew as pale as ashes, started up and exclaimed in a trembling accent, "This is Amelia's voice!" rushing at the same time towards the door of the closet with a design to force it open. Lucy kept him back. "Have you forgot your promise? will you spoil every thing once more?" This produced the desired effect. Lucy hurried him into an adjoining room and bolted the door from without. Sometime after, she returned with the intelligence that Amelia had been listening with her mother in the closet, and suddenly fainted away. "Amelia!" exclaimed my brother, "you did not tell me a word of it!" "No, I did not," she replied, "for two reasons; first of all, Amelia accompanied her mother without my knowledge, and it was impossible to send her away. Secondly, I did not inform you of her being present, because you would have acted your part in so bungling a manner, that our plan would have been ruined entirely." "Is she still in your house?" "No; she was carried home instantly!" "But why did she faint away?" "How can I know it? She is an enthusiast! perhaps her imagination has played her a trick, and she has taken for a moment that scene, which was mere fiction, for reality. Imagination, perhaps, has affected her nerves and produced a fainting fit. At present, I can, however, only guess at the cause of her swooning, but to-morrow I shall inform myself in a manner more satisfactory." My brother went home in a dreadful agony of mind.

"Thus far," said the Count, rising from his seat, "my relation has been an extract from a letter of my brother. However, the extraordinary turn this tale is now going to take, you shall know to-morrow from a letter which my brother wrote to me."

The next day I received the letter, and inclosed in it an almost illegible note, by the same hand. I shall subjoin copies of both.

"She is dead! you do not believe it; however, she is really dead—I have seen her in her coffin. I have paid her a last eternal visit, at midnight. My hair bristled up; but if you knew what she has said. To day she

"has been buried. I followed her funeral train, more dead than alive. But now I am easy. Alas! I cannot even weep. Her image hovers before me whithersoever I turn my looks. She has loved me dearly; however, she was doomed to an early grave, and I cannot conceive how it is possible that I am alive yet. Where shall I be when these lines will be perused by you."

* * *

"I cannot recollect a word of what I wrote you in my last letter. A kind of frenzy had taken possession of me; but be easy brother, that dreadful state is past, and I can again sleep easy. This perhaps is the consequence of my obedience to her last will.

"You know that Amelia was carried home after the late accident had happened. The next day Lucy informed me that she had not been seized with a fainting fit on account of our discourse, as we supposed, but had made a slip in getting upon a chair, in order to look through a crevice in the door, and hurt herself much by the fall, which, as the physician apprehended, might have occasioned a contusion in the head, and be of very bad consequences. You will spare me the description of the lamentable situation in which this intelligence has thrown your unfortunate brother.

"One evening I was sitting alone in my apartment, immersed in nameless grief, when a loud knocking against my door roused me from my reverie. 'Who is there?' I exclaimed, rather angry. 'Ferdinand!' a voice groaned in a doleful strain; the door was opened, but no one entered. A dreadful foreboding chilled my very soul; the voice which had pronounced my name was Amelia's voice. I flew to the door with a candle, but no person could be seen nor heard. I ran down stairs, searching every corner, but no human being could be found. Now I recollected first, that it would be labour lost, if I should search here for Amelia, who was confined to her bed by sickness; but in the same moment, an idea rushed upon my soul which thrilled me with horror. I hastened to Lucy's, she met me pale and trembling. 'Alas!' groaned she, hiding her wan face, 'Amelia is very ill!' 'She is dead!' I exclaimed, all in a terror. 'Merciful God!' she replied, 'then you know it already.' My misery was now confirmed, and I dropt to the ground in a fainting fit.

"When I opened my eyes, I perceived Lucy and her mother standing weeping by my side. The first word my trembling lips uttered was, 'Amelia!' I was informed that she had been found dead in her bed. To the question, how I found myself? I replied, 'strong enough to see the departed hapless girl!' I perceived that both of them were startled by my reply. The mother spoke first: 'You shall see her, but not now! At present I should oppose it, even if I paid no regard to your situation. Consider the confusion in which this incident must have thrown her family; and how could you be so imprudent to face her mother

"under *such* circumstances? how can you hope to be admitted!"

"However, she promised me to bribe the nurse, and to procure me admission when the family should be gone to rest. We agreed that the husband of the nurse should call on me after midnight, and conduct me to Amelia's house. Lucy's mother was as good as her word. Half an hour after twelve o'clock a man appeared under my window, giving the signal which we had agreed upon. Having charged a brace of pistols, I put them in my pocket, and followed my conductor. The night was as dark as my mind; only a few solitary stars were gleaming through the black clouds, like the lamps in a church-yard. Awful stillness, not interrupted by the least rustling of the wind, had covered the face of earth. In my soul too a profound stillness reigned; but it resembled that dreadful silence, which reigns at night in a fortress which is to be stormed the subsequent morn. Such a state of mind surpasses all description.

"I arrived, with my conductor, silently and unobserved at Amelia's house: he opened the door and led me softly up stairs. The nurse, who was waiting for me at the top of the stair-case, took me by the hand, and conducted me through two dark apartments. When the third door was opened, a smell of corruption assailed my organs; this was the room where Amelia lay.

"Six torches were burning around the coffin, in which the wrecks of her angelic form were resting covered with a white cloth. My conductress made a signal to me to step nearer, removing the cloth. The sight of the corpse changed my profound apathy into a dreadful commotion of mind. Amelia was stretched out in the coffin, dressed like a nun, holding a crucifix in her hand; her face was not distorted by convulsions, her lips seemed to smile. 'Amelia!' I exclaimed, in a most vehement emotion, and threw myself upon her; however the nurse pulled me forcibly back, throwing herself at my feet, and conjured me, for God's sake, not to betray her by my turbulence. I promised to be easy, and walked up and down the room, wringing my hands in dreadful agony of body and soul.

"Meanwhile the first violent tempest which raged in my soul abated, making room for the recollection of a design which will make you shudder. I found myself unable to survive Amelia, and this notion had begot the horrid resolution to die by her side. With that view I had put the pistols in my pocket, and settled my worldly affairs. I was now going to write only a few lines to Amelia's mother, and then to execute my black design, because I apprehended I should be prevented from accomplishing it if I should postpone it any longer. I desired the nurse to cover the corpse again, and to leave me a few moments to myself, putting a couple of louis d'ors in her hand. The gold, and my apparent tranquillity, had the desired effect. As soon as I was left alone, I was going to execute my design.

"But, brother, over us rules a higher power, whose slaves we are, though we dream that we are the arbiters of our fate. Listen to a tale which surpasses all powers of conception, and the recollection of which thrills me to the marrow of my bones.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 335.)

"SHE wrote to me by every opportunity, as did Mrs. Raymond, who complained exceedingly that Louisa did not enjoy the pleasures of the city, as she ought—but rather seemed to encourage a thoughtfulness which appeared extremely injurious to her; and upon my arguing with her in the most gentle terms, on the impropriety of such conduct, she answered me thus:

"*****The novelty of the city is past, though its hurry and bustle still remain—these excited surprise at first, but not pleasure—and since that surprise is entirely gone, what sensations must they produce in a mind so habituated to silence, regularity, and solitude as mine?—Join not with those, my dear papa, who stigmatize me as a stoic—say not that my heart is not formed for happiness—It surely is, but then it is happiness of a more refined nature, than what is met with in the giddy brilliant circles of fashion. —Mrs. Raymond is constantly with me; she has introduced me into the most crowded companies, where the laws of consequential dress among the ladies, and the success of the last play among the gentlemen, afforded ample and only matter for conversation—I have been at the Theatre, where vice was displayed for execration, and met with approbation—and I have spent several hours of fatigue at the ball room, and then returned home, chagrined to the soul at the numberless impertinencies, which I had been obliged to hear. And these are the places—he objects from which I am to receive satisfaction!—No; I must confess that the pleasures I have known since I came here, are derived from another source—only the pious conversation of our hostess, who is a Roman Catholic, and practices all the virtues she teaches.***** A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Raymond restored my amiable girl to my bosom.

"After the first effusions of encountering affections had subsided, and the heart had relieved itself by overflowing, she gave me a detail of almost all that had passed since she left me, and was particularly delighted in delineating the character of the good Papist.—As I had been educated with the strongest prejudices against that sect, I heard the description with an indifference which I thought would have silenced her on that head; but she was an enthusiast, and

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, the 14th inst. at New-Utrecht, by the Rev Mr. Low, the Rev. Mr. OSTRANDER, of Pump-ton, New-Jersey, to Miss MARIA DURYEE, of that place.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. ABRAHAM WYCKOFF, to Miss DEBORAH STOOHUFF, both of Flatlands, (L. I.)

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 17th to the 23d inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	100		8.	1.
APRIL 17	51	69	61	50	NE. N. S.	clear	do. do.
18	53	72	59	50	SW. do. do.	clear	do. do.
19	57	66	53	25	SW. S. do.	clear	do. do.
20	54	75	69	50	S. do. do.	clear	do. do.
21	60	76	60	50	SE. E. SE	clear	do. do. do.
22	58	67	60		W. SE. S.	cloudy	do. do.
23	58	54	50	50	NE. SW. S	clear	do. do.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ACROSTIC ON MISS

Pursue! O fairest of the fair,
Let virtue bethy only care;
Ah wouldst thou mine consent to be,
Cupid would light his torch with glee,
E'en gods would sing our jubilee.

RHODOLPHO.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CHARADE.

My first's a term upon the open road,
My next's the noblest work of God,
My whole's what often causes fear
Unto the nightly traveller.

MARY.

(A solution is requested.)

ODE—TO ELIZA.

HOW sweet is the breath of the morn!
And sweetly the choristers sing!
Yon flowers that encircle the thorn
In all the gay plumage of spring.
How lovely yon fields to the eye!
How tall and majestic the trees:—
With friendship its sweets to enjoy,
And inhale the impregnated breeze.
But ah! my Eliza, to thee
My heart beats the fondest alarms:
When in all the bright objects I see,
'Tis thine, which gives birth to their charms.

A FRAGMENT.

Look round the habitable world, how few,
Know their own good, or knowing its pursue;
How void of reason, are our hopes and fears,
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But when we have our wish, we wish undone.

"and spoke of the beauty of piety in the most exalted strain. Apprehending the commencement of a religious melancholy—I begged her to suspend her narrative, until her wasted strength should be somewhat renewed, and endeavoured to point out the dangerous consequences of dwelling too ardently upon so serious a subject as her last. She acquiesced with so much meekness, that in a little time I persuaded myself she had entirely laid aside her superstitious opinions.

"One night, not being able to sleep, and perceiving through my window, that the moon shone bright—I arose with an intention to traverse the snow-paved paths of my garden, and amuse myself at the harpichord. 'I will play some solemn airs (said I), and at this dull season they will soften the slumbers of my Louisa.' As I passed along the gallery, I thought I heard some person speaking in a low voice;—making a pause, I found it to proceed from my daughter's apartment, and being curious to know with whom she could be conversing at that late hour, for it was past twelve, I approached the door with silent steps—it stood half open, and disclosed to my view only herself.

"She was kneeling before a small table, covered with white velvet, and upon which stood an ivory crucifix about four inches high—on one side lay a book open, and from the other a slender wax taper streamed its dim light upon a face, pale as languor itself: yet the figure, the attitude, was interesting: it was the semblance of humility: of holy resignation. Her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her eyes elevated. She was concluding a pious petition: 'Fountain of mercy (said she), shed thy benign influence in the bosom of my beloved parent, let the sun of righteousness arise upon him, let its genial rays illumine his path, till he enters the portals of eternity: and aid me, thy frail creature, to conquer a PASSION, which, tho' pure, is *hopeless*, and detains my affections from thee.' Something more she added, but not sufficiently distinct for my hearing, and bowed low before the crucifix: then rising from her knees, slept to her bed, while oppressed with a variety of conjectures I returned to my room.

(To be continued.)

ANNA.

PROVIDENCE COMPARED TO AN INDULGENT MOTHER.

SEE a fond mother encircled by her children; with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love! One she kisses on its cheek, and clasps another to her bosom: one she sets upon her knee, and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look, and a word to those; and, whether she smiles or frowns; it is all in tender love. Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is Providence: so it watches over us; comforting these, providing for those, listening to all, and assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our most earnest prayers; or if seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in the refusal.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH:

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

(Continued from page 336.)

MOST drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright:
And long and loud sir BERTRAM call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged Nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:
"What wight is this, that calls so loud;
"And knocks so boldly here?"

"'Tis BERTRAM calls, thy Lady's love,
"Come from his bed of care:
"All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
"To see thy Lady fair."

Now out "alas!" (she loudly shriek'd)
"Alas! how may this be?
"For six long days are past and gone,
"Since she set out to thee;"

Sad terror seiz'd sir BERTRAM's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
"Since she set out to thee;
"And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
"Long since thou wouldst her see.

"For when she heard thy grievous chance
"She tore her hair, and cried,
"Alas! I've slain the comliest knight,
"All thro' my folly and pride!

"And now to atone for my sad fault,
"And his dear health regain,
"I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
"And soothe his bed of pain."

"Then mounted she her milkwhite steed
"One morn at break of day;
"And two tall yeomen went with her
"To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote sir BERTRAM's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest
"Till I thy Lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart
Or e'er the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
"O'er Scottish hill to range;
"Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
"And all our drefs we'll change.

"Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
"And borne her to his den;
"And ne'er will I tread English ground
"Till she's restored again."

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their drefs they change.

Sir BERTRAM clad in gown of grey,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he fate under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

"All Minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
"Are full of game and glee:
"But thou art sad and woe-begone
"I marvel whence it be!"

"Father, I serve an aged Lord,
"Whose grief afflicts my mind;
"His only child is stolen away,
"And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son; perchance, (he said)
"Some tidings I may hear:
"For oft when human hopes have failed,
"Then heavenly comfort's near.

"Behind yon hills so steep and high,
"Down in a lowly glen,
"There stands a castle fair and strong,
"Far from the abode of men.

"As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
"About this evening hour,
"Me thought I heard a Lady's voice
"Lamenting in the tower.

"And when I asked, what harm had hap'd,
"What lady sick there lay?
"They rudely drove me from the gate,
"And bade me wend my way."

These tidings caught sir BERTRAM's ear,
He thanked him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low;
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
"To hear a Minstrel's song?
"Or may I crave a lodging here,
"Without offence or wrong?"

"My Lord," he said, "is not at home
"To hear a Minstrel's song:
"And should I lend thee lodging here,
"My life would not be long."

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

"Minstrel," he say'd, "thou play'st so sweet,
"Fair entrance thou should'st win;
"But, 'las, I'm sworn upon the rood
"To let no stranger in.

(To be continued.)